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# GOING SOME

## A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION BY REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY  
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG  
Illustrated By  
Edgar Bert Smith  
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## CHAPTER VIII.

LAWRENCE GLASS was be-  
ginning to like New Mexico.  
Not only did it afford a  
tinge of romance, discern-  
able in the deep, haunting  
eyes of Marietta, the  
maid, but it offered an op-  
portunity for financial ad-  
vancement—as, for instance,  
the purchase of Willie's watch. This  
timepiece cost the trainer twenty-one  
dollars, and he sold it to Speed for  
double the amount, believing in the  
luck of even numbers. Nor did young  
Speed allow his trainer's efforts to  
cease here, for in every portable time-  
piece on the ranch he recognized a  
menace, and not until Lawrence had  
cornered the market and the whole  
collection was safely locked in his  
trunk did he breathe easily. This re-  
quired two days, during which the  
young people at the ranch enjoyed  
themselves thoroughly. They were  
halcyon days for the Yale man, for  
Fresno was universally agreeable, and  
seemed resigned to the fact that  
Helen should prefer his rival's com-  
pany to his own.

As for Glass, he recounted tales of  
Marietta's capitulation to his  
employer, and wheezed merrily over the  
discomfiture of the Mexican girl's former  
admirers.

"She's a swell little dame," he con-  
fided to Speed one afternoon, as they  
lounged luxuriously in the shade at  
their customary resting place. "Yes,  
and I'm aces with her, too." They had  
set out for their daily run, and were  
now contesting for the seven-up su-  
premacy of the Catskill mountains. Al-  
ready Glass had been declared the un-  
disputed champion of the Atlantic  
coast, while Speed on the day previous  
had wrested from him the champion-  
ship of the Mississippi valley.

"But Marietta is dark!" said the  
college man, as he cut the cards. "She  
is almost a mulatto."

"Naw! She's no dinge. She's an  
Aztec, an' them Aztecs is swell peo-  
ple. Say, she can play a guitar like a  
barber!"

"Miss Blake told me she was in love  
with Carara."

Glass grunted contemptuously. "I've  
got it on that insurrecto four ways.  
Why, I'm learning to talk Spanish my-  
self. If he gets lousy, I'll cross one  
over his bow." The trainer made a  
vicious jab at an imaginary Mexican.  
"He ain't got a good wallop in him."

"I thought cowboys was tough guys,"  
continued Glass, "but it's a mistake.  
That little Willie, for instance, is a  
lamb. He packs that Mauser for pro-  
tection. He's afraid some farmer will  
walk up and poke his eye out with a  
corn-cob. One copper with a night-  
stick could stampee the whole outfit.  
But they're all right, at that," he  
acknowledged, magnanimously.

"They're a nice bunch of fellers when  
you know how to take 'em."  
"The flies are awful today," Speed  
complained. "They bite my legs."  
"I'll bring out a bath robe tomor-  
row, and we'll hide it in the bushes. I  
wish there was some place to keep  
this beer cool." Glass shifted some  
bottles to a point where the sunlight  
did not strike them.

"I'm getting tired of training, Lar-  
ry," acknowledged the young man,  
with a yawn. "It takes so much time."  
Glass shook his head in sympathy.  
"Seems like we'd ought to hear from  
Covington," said he.

"He's on his way, no doubt. Isn't it  
time to go back to the ranch?"  
Glass consulted his watch. "No, we  
ain't done but three miles. Here goes  
for the rubber."

It was Berkeley Fresno who retreat-  
ed cautiously from the shelter of a  
thicket a hundred yards up the arroyo  
and started briskly homeward, con-  
gratulating himself upon the impulse  
that had decided him to follow the  
training partners upon their daily rou-  
tine. He made directly for the corral.

"Which I don't consider there's no  
consideration comin' to him what-  
ever," said Willie that evening. "He  
ain't acted on the level."

"Now, see here," objected Stover,  
"he may be just what he claims he is.  
Simply because he don't go skally-  
hootin' around in the hot sun ain't no  
sign he can't run."

"What about them empty beer  
bottles?" demanded Willie. "No fel-  
ler can train on that stuff. I went out  
there myself and seen 'em. There was  
a dozen."

"Mebbe Glass drank it. What I  
claim is this: We ain't got no proof.  
Fresno is stuck on Miss Blake, and  
he's a knocker."

"Then let's git some proof, and  
dam' quick."

"Si, Senores," agreed Carara, who  
had been an interested listener.

"I agree with you, but we got to be  
careful—"

Willie grunted with disgust.

"—we can't go at it like we was kil-  
lin' snakes. Mr. Speed is a guest here."

Again the little gun man expressed  
his opinion, this time in violet-tinted  
profanity, and the other cowboys  
joined in.

"All the same he is a guest, and no  
rough work goes. I'm in charge while  
Mr. Chapin is away, and I'm responsi-  
ble."

"Senor Bill," Carara ventured, "the  
fat vaquero, he is no guest. He is one  
of us."

"That's right," seconded Willie.  
"He's told us all along that Mr. Speed  
was a Mercery-footed wonder, and if  
the young feller can't run he had  
ought to have told us."

Mr. Cloudy showed his understand-  
ing of the discussion by nodding sil-  
ently.

"We'll put it up to him in the morn-  
ing," said Stover.

"If Mr. Speed cannot r-run, w'at  
you do, eh?" questioned the Mexican.

Nobody answered. Still Bill seemed  
at a loss for words, Mr. Cloudy stared  
gloomily into space, and Willie ground  
his teeth.

On the following morning Speed  
sought a secluded nook with Helen,  
but no sooner had he launched himself  
fairly upon the subject uppermost in  
his mind than he was disturbed by a  
delegation of cowboys, consisting of  
the original four who had waited upon  
him that first morning after his ar-  
rival. They came forward with grave  
and serious mien, requesting a mo-  
ment's interview. It was plain there  
was something of more than ordinary  
importance upon their minds from the  
manner in which Stover spoke, but  
when Helen quickly volunteered to  
withdraw, Speed checked her.

"Stay where you are; I have no se-  
crets from you," said he. Then noting  
the troubled face of the foreman,  
quoted impatiently:

"You may fire when ready, Grid-  
ley."

Still Bill shifted the lump in his  
cheek, and cleared his throat before  
beginning formally.

"Mr. Speed, while we honor you a  
heap for your accomplishments, and  
while we believe in you as a man and  
a champeen, we kind of feel that it  
might make you stretch your legs  
some if you knew just exactly what  
this foot-race means to the Flying  
Heart outfit."

"I assured you that the Centipede  
cook would be beaten," said the col-  
lege man, stiffly.

"Isn't Mr. Speed's word sufficient?"  
inquired the girl.

Stover bowed. "It had sure ought to  
be, and we thank you for them new  
assurances. You see, our spiritual on-  
set is due to the fact that Humpy  
Joe's get-away left us broke, and we  
banked on you to pull us even. That  
first experience strained our credulity  
to the bustin' point, and—well, in  
words of one syllable, we come from  
Joplin."

"Missouri," said Willie.  
"My dear sirs, I can't prove that you  
are going to win your wagers until the  
day of the race. However, if you are  
broke to start with, I don't see how  
you can expect to lose a great deal."

"You ain't got the right angle on the  
affair," Stover explained. "Outside of  
the onbearable contumely of losin'  
twice to this Centipede outfit, which  
would be bad enough, we have drawn  
a month's wages in advance, and we  
have put it up. Moreover, I have bet  
my watch, which was presented to me  
by the officials of the Santa Fe for  
killin' a pair of road-agents when I  
was deputy sheriff."

Miss Blake uttered a little scream,  
and Speed regarded the lanky speaker  
with new interest.

"It's a Waltham movement, solid  
gold case, eighteen jewels, and en-  
graved with my name."

"No wonder you prize it," said  
Wally.

"I bet my saddle," informed Carara,  
in his slow, soft dialect. "Stamp'  
leather wit' silver flaggee. It is more  
dear to me than—well—I love it ver'  
much, senor!"

"Seems like Willie has made the  
extreme sacrifice," Stover followed up.  
"While all our boys has gone the  
limit, Willie has topped 'em all; he's  
bet his gun."

"Indeed! Is it a good weapon?"  
"It's been good to me," said the lit-  
tle man, dryly. "I took it off the quiv-  
ering remains of a sheriff in Dodge  
City, up to that time the best hip shot  
in Kansas."

Speed felt a cold chill steal up his  
spine, while Miss Blake went pale and  
laid a trembling hand upon his arm.

"You see it ain't intrinsic value so  
much as association and sentiment  
that leads to this interview," Stover  
continued. "It ain't no joke—we don't  
joke with the Centipede—and we've  
relied on you. The Mex here would  
do murder for that saddle." Carara  
nodded, and breathed something in his  
own tongue. "I have parted with my  
honor, and Willie is gamblin' just as  
high."

"But I notice Mr. Willie still has

his revolver."

"Sure I got it!" Willie laughed, ab-  
ruptly. "And I don't give it up till we  
lose, neither. That's the under-  
standin'." His voice was surprisingly  
harsh for one so high-pitched. He  
looked more like a professor than  
ever.

"Willie has reasons for his caution  
which we respect," explained the  
spokesman.

J. Wallingford Speed, face to face  
with these serious-minded gentlemen,  
began to reflect that this foot-race  
was not a thing to be taken too  
lightly.

"I can't understand," he declared,  
with a touch of irritation, "why you  
should risk such priceless things up-  
on a friendly encounter."

"Friendly!" cried Willie and Stover  
in a tone that made their listeners  
gasp. "The Centipede and the Flying  
Heart is just as friendly as a pair of  
wild boars."

"You set, it's a good thing we wised  
you up," added the latter.

Carara muttered fiercely: "Senor,  
I worka five year' for that saddle. I  
am a good gambler, si, si! but I keel  
somebody biffore I lose it to the  
Centipede."

"And is that Echo phonograph worth  
all this?" inquired Helen.

"We won that phonograph at risk of  
life and limb," said Willie, doggedly,  
"from the Centipede—"

"—and twenty other outfits, senor."

"It's a trophy," declared the fore-  
man, "and so long as it ain't where it  
belongs, the Flying Heart is in dis-  
grace."

"Even the Leven X treats us scorn-  
ful!" cried the smallest of the trio an-  
grily. "We're a joke to the whole  
state."

"I know just how these gentlemen  
must feel," declared Miss Blake, tact-  
fully, at which Stover bowed with  
grateful awkwardness.

"And it's really a wonderful in-  
strument," said he. "I don't reckon  
there's another one like it in the



Carara Followed With a Huge Wood-  
en Tub.

world, leastways in these parts.  
You'd ought to hear it—clear as a  
bell—"

"And sweet," said Willie. "God! It's  
sure sweet!"

"I begin to feel your loss," said  
Speed gravely. "Gentlemen, I can only  
assure you I shall do my best."

"Then you won't take no chances?"  
inquired Willie, mildly.

"You may rely upon me to take care  
of myself."

"Thank you!" The delegation moved  
away.

"What'd you think of him?" in-  
quired Stover of the little man in  
glasses, when they were out of hear-  
ing.

"I think he's all right," Willie hesi-  
tated, "only kind of crazy, like all east-  
ern boys. It don't seem credible that  
no sane man would start to bluff after  
what we've said. He'd be flyin' in the  
face of Providence."

But this comforting conclusion  
wavered again, when Berkeley Fresno,  
who had awaited their report, scoffed  
openly.

"He can't run! If he could run he'd  
be running. I tell you, he can't run  
as fast as a sheep can walk."

"Senor, you see those beautiful  
medal he have?" expostulated Carara.  
"Sure," agreed Willie. "His brisket



Retreated Cautiously From the Shel-  
ter of a Thicket.

was covered with 'em. He had one  
that hung down like a dewlap."

"Phony!"

"I've killed men for less," muttered  
the stoop-shouldered man.

"Did you see his legs?" Fresno was  
bent upon convincing his hearers.

"Couldn't help but see 'em in that  
runnin' suit."

"Nice and soft and white, weren't  
they?"

"They didn't look like dark meat,"  
Stover agreed, reluctantly. "But you  
can't go nothin' on the looks of a fel-  
ler's legs."

Continued on Page 7

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